

T H E
LOVER'S PLEDGE.

A Favourite SONG.



DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine :
The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It would not wither'd be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me ;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee !

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.